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WEEKLY REVIEW.

—The Earl of Northbrook, in a recent speech at Falmouth, expressed the opinion that the natives of India will not embrace Christianity as they find it embodied in any of the sects, but "will go further back and get rid of much of the dogma which has overlaid the foundations of Christianity for nearly 1,800 years, and adopt a form of Christianity more nearly approaching the simplicity of the Apostolic church than any which now exists." So far from being hopeless about the spread of Christianity in India, Lord Northbrook is very hopeful, and his views contrast strongly with those of Mr. Wordsworth. He says: "Some of us may live to see them adopt this simple Apostolic Christianity." We certainly cannot wish for the people of this country any happier consummation than that which is predicted by our late Viceroy. We trust there are very few missionaries who would not more rejoice to see converts sitting at the feet of the apostles, than at their own feet. It is just possible that if Lord Northbrook had been in a position to become acquainted with all the mission-work of the country, he would have found that some of it was not so far removed from the apostolic track. At the same time, missionaries cannot but desire a greater conformity to apostolic simplicity, earnestness and power. The need of another Pentecost is deeply felt. The apostles were a very feeble folk indeed, until they were endued with power from on high on the day of Pentecost; and ever after they cherished a sense of their dependence upon the same mighty Spirit. "I was among you," said Paul to the Corinthians, "in weakness and in fear and in much trembling." But the sense of personal weakness and incompetency led him to claim the promise of the Spirit, and then he could go forward boldly in the name of the Lord. The same promise is with the servants of Christ this day. It is not the overlaying of dogma that hides the apostolic from men. Missionaries give those whom they address in India the simple words of the Gospel, and aim to bring them directly to Jesus Christ. That which is really wanting is the power of the Spirit to make the word of the Gospel what it was of old, 'quick and sharper than any two-edged sword.' And why have we not this? Not, certainly, because the Spirit is less mighty, or Christ less prevalent in intercession, or the Father less willing to bestow. The fault is with us. We do not sufficiently realize our need. Our connection with what is called 'the dominant race,' is a very questionable advantage. It does not predispose the natives to give heed to us, and it hinders us from realizing our need of spiritual power. There are many accessories of modern civilization which we rely upon to recommend the Gospel to the natives, but which are really a hindrance; they hinder us from realizing as we should, our dependence upon the Holy Spirit. The social position of the missionary is not helpful. It procures him a certain kind of respect, but this is not spiritual power. Missionaries in India have had a good many conferences to consider plans, methods, measures; but perhaps what is most wanted is a coming together for prayer, in the faith and earnestness that preceded the day of Pentecost.

—The English Government set aside their Extradition treaty with the United States a little too soon. The Fenians who escaped from W. Australia have landed in New York.

—A good many columns of the *Bombay Gazette* have been filled with the letters called forth by Mr. Wordsworth's attack on Christianity. A friend of ours remarked to us that it seemed to him anomalous in Government to have a costly ecclesiastical establishment for the avowed purpose of keeping Christianity alive among its servants, and to entertain a still more costly educational establishment exerting an influence hostile to the Gospel. Yet though an anomaly, it is not a novelty. Mr. Green and Mr. Howard enjoyed considerable popularity among the natives, because of their avowed skepticism. The native journals are greatly delighted with the course taken by Professor Wordsworth. It goes for nothing with them that the *Bombay Guardian* expressed its hearty satisfaction with the Viceroy for his Minute on the Fuller case, and that for more than twenty years it has constantly protested against the violence and injustice sometimes exhibited by Europeans in this country towards natives; but no eulogy is too great for the Principal of the Elphinstone College, because of his utterance on the subject. There are, we know, those in native society who in their hearts feel that missionaries are actuated by a genuine love for the natives, and none the less so that, like their Master, they have to endure the contradiction of sinners. There is no harder task than that of telling men unwelcome truths, and it is only the conviction that salvation, national and individual, is bound up with these truths that enables them to endure. There are many who speak in high praise of the ancient prophets, and are ready to join in building their sepulchres, who if they had lived in their time would have taken up stones to cast at them. Wisdom is justified of her children. Let the missionary be content if he hears the voice of Jesus saying, Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

—"A Disciple and Admirer of Mr. Wordsworth," writes a long letter in the *Indu Prakash* expressive of his admiration and gratitude. We give an extract from it that our readers may see how eagerly Young India embraces any teaching that helps it to meet the claims of the Gospel.

"The misguided efforts of missionaries, they must admit, have borne no appreciable fruit as yet and are not likely to bear any under the secularizing and rationalistic influences of the nineteenth century. How can a creed which is fast losing its hold on those very nations among whom it sprang and, for a considerable time, prospered, which is already "divided and decaying," as Mr. Wordsworth has conclusively proved, and which is antagonistic to the discoveries of science, ever hope to find favour with a people whose own creed can boast of a revelation as old as 5,000 years, and whose faith in it has ever been more staunch, uniform and undying than that of the European nations, at least, in Christianity: a faith which has produced saints and martyrs and miracles as renowned and authentic as those of Christianity."

The words 'conclusively proved' are to be noted. Mr. Wordsworth has conclusively proved that he is not 'obedient to the faith' of the Gospel, and that certain German critics and litterateurs are not; that is about all; but to our native friends this is 'confirmation strong as proof from Gospel writ,' and a good deal stronger.

—We learn from the Foreign Missions Report of the Free Ch. of Scotland, for last year, that 25 adults were baptized in Bengal. The native church has 150 communicants. The Mission was established in 1830 and has at present 5 European missionaries, 1 medical missionary, 3 native missionaries, ordained; 62 Christian agents in all. Scholars 3,070, of whom 500 girls.—The native church in Bombay numbers 82 communicants; 1 was admitted on profession of faith in 1875. In the institution and schools are 681 scholars, of whom 250 are girls, and 56 under-graduates of the University.—The Poona Mission has in the native church 83 communicants; 10 were received last year. The Report says,—"One of the marked traits of all who have emerged out of heathenism is an unwillingness to submit to discipline." Is this unwillingness confined to such? As regards them, is not the remark too sweeping? The Report contains an interesting account of the conversion of one of the Beni-Israel—

"When a lad he was a protégé of Major Giberne, who sent him to our institution in Bombay to learn English in 1835. He remained in it for some time, and had learnt much of the Bible, but it was many years afterwards before he was impressed with its saving truths. A tract by a Jewish convert, Mr. B. Cohen, who was formerly connected with our Bombay mission, was the first to arrest his attention. He then heard the late Mr. James Mitchell preaching in the Puna bazaar, which interested him so much that he began to attend the Marathi service of the church, when it was under Mr. Baba Padmanji's pastorate; and the very first sermon he heard from this brother, led him to resolve on becoming a disciple of Jesus. But for seven or eight years he remained without making a profession of his faith, through fear of family and friends. At last he resolved through grace to cast in his lot with Christians, and at the end of July last, was received into the church by baptism."

Notice the variety of agencies that have had to do with bringing this man to Christ.—The Indapoor and Jalna Mission is under the care of the Rev. Narayan Sheshadri. It has two ordained native missionaries; 37 Christian agents in all; 246 communicants; 1,069 scholars, of whom 700 are under the C. V. E. S. 40 adults were admitted on profession of their faith last year. The greater part of these were from among the Mangs. The Report testifies to a good deal of activity and aggressiveness on the part of the native Christians. —The Nagpore Mission reports 142 communicants; six were added last year.—In the native church at Madras are 125 communicants; ten were admitted last year. Scholars 3,021, of whom 1,023 were girls, and 151 undergraduates. In all these Missions there were 86 additions last year.

—We have been favoured with a copy of a little book lately published, entitled, "Life Abundantly; a Narrative of how I came to consider and realize Higher Christian Life," by Rev. W. Corrie Johnston, Melbourne, formerly of Glasgow, with prefatory note by Dr. Candlish. We have read this with much interest. When the Holy Spirit has led into a man into the blessedness of a life of victorious faith (1 John v. 4,5) it is a good thing if he is able to note the successive steps and report them for the benefit of others. The narrative here given is one so well fitted to be helpful to those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, that we shall take the liberty of reproducing in our columns (in successive numbers) copious extracts from it.

—A writer in the *Bengal Magazine* uses the following language:

"The majority of our college-bred, university-honored, English-speaking countrymen have gone even a few steps beyond the vantage-ground occupied by the most progressive thinkers of the school to which the *Pioneer* belongs. To turn God out of doors, to laugh at the very idea of a moral government of the universe, to satirize the ceremonies, and

rail at the doctrines of religion, to abuse the priesthood, and represent all professors of the various forms of faith as children of credulity and superstition,—to look upon all phases of religious earnestness as behind the age, and to speak of such things as prayer, praise and worship with profane merriment,—these are among the favorite amusements of our educated countrymen as a class."

"Seriously speaking, the repulsive forms of atheism and antitheism, which are destroying the faith and corrupting the morals of our educated countrymen, cannot but be contemplated by the patriot or the philanthropist with horror.

"The source of the broad stream of theoretical and practical Epicurism which is sweeping away the faith of the country, and some peculiarly amiable virtues associated with it, is direct infidel teaching in some at least of the colleges and schools in India."

—It would not do for us to dismiss the Wordsworthian war of words without calling attention to the maximum of disbelief reached in Mr. W.'s letter of Sept. 11 :—

"When the Hindoos invoke the agency of a goddess to explain the phenomena of cholera or small-pox, they form a 'transcendent postulate.' The existence of the goddess is unproved; she is neither given as a necessary form of thought, nor is she shown to exist by inferences from sensible experience. The whole conception is radically metempircal, a pure creation of the phantasy; and a man would rightly be judged insane, or at least on the borders of insanity, who should seriously discuss it. Is it necessary to inform 'F.' that in the Kantian philosophy the whole conception of an extra-cosmical, creative, miracle-working God falls under the same rubric? Kant, in mercy to his contemporaries, allowed this conception indeed a certain value as a regulative principle—a thin shadow of its former self—but he steadily excluded it from history and science. What is the whole history of theology since Kant's time, but a vain attempt to build some structure of dogma on negative notions, or a blind return to the principle of authority—a principle which inevitably leads by a straight path into the *cul-de-sac* of Vaticanism?"

Here the conception of a creative God is said to fall under the same rubric as the Hindoo idea of small-pox as a divine *avatar*, the serious discussion of either of which conceptions would be a sign of insanity. Replying to the above, the Rev. D. Macpherson has pointed out, that if Mr. W.'s argument does not discard a Creator, it does nothing.

"Mr. Wordsworth impugns the absolute truth of Christianity, not because of anything belonging exclusively to Christianity, but because it rests on the existence of a creative God. It is, of course, not Christianity alone that would be overthrown by this reasoning, but all theism—for example that of the Brahmo Somaj—simply because it is theism. The argument is that we cannot know that there is a God—a Creator. If we can know that there is a God, the whole principle of the argument adduced against Christianity in the present discussion is utterly destroyed, and Christianity remains untouched. The one question is whether the existence of an intelligent and moral Creator is a mere groundless assumption (a mere "transcendent postulate"), or whether, on the contrary, it is a conclusion legitimately and necessarily drawn by us as intelligent and moral beings from our own nature and from the order and whole structure of the outer world. To discuss that question philosophically is certainly beyond the province of newspaper correspondence; but it is important to see clearly that those who hold the Christian faith need have no vague fear that this or that which is distinctive of Christianity is overthrown, or that their position is at all shaken by anything which Mr. Wordsworth has said, *unless they can be out-and-out disbelievers in the existence of a Creator.*"

This discussion has accomplished one thing at least—it has made the public acquainted with the real sentiments of the Principal of the Elphinstone College. Here, indeed, is neutrality! Some of our philosophers have denied the existence of matter; others have denied the existence of spirit; others scoff at the conception of God; and among them all they make it evident that nothing whatever exists. Great is Kant!

—Mr. Stanley, in the heart of Africa, is altogether too fond of using his elephant-rifle. We think it is about time for the *N. Y. Herald* to recall its special, and send him to Turkey in Europe. There is a splendid country in the interior of Africa waiting colonization and commerce, but if the presence of the white man is to be as fatal to the aborigines as it has been in some other countries, we shall be slow to favor immigration. Happily there are missionaries there of a different sort from Mr. Stanley.

—The Bombay Temperance League had a very successful soirée last Tuesday, at Dean St. Hall. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present. General Gell presided and spoke some cheery words. Other addresses were made: some sacred songs were sung by a choir, and others by the company present; the tea and its concomitants were good, thanks to the ladies who presided over this part of the entertainment; and a good number tarried at the close to sign the pledge.

A friend has sent us the following. We may make a remark or two in connection with the same subject next week:—

I am not very able to write on any subject, but your "Meditation" for this morning * has encouraged me to try to do what I can to honour Him in whom I have found that "*all fulness*" dwells. I am willing "to go forward without a preliminary sense of strength."

It is very distressing to me when I hear duties urged upon the sinner apart from Jesus, who alone can give the strength to do these duties. If we could only realise that it is not *do* and live, but "*live* and do" that God has plainly set before us, we would cease to grope on in darkness, as we so often do. All the history of the Old Testament is given to us to teach us that we cannot be saved by keeping the law. What the law *could* not do in that it was weak through the flesh;" the history of Israel is one long story of a covenant which they "*brake*" and in which they "continued not." Jesus has come to fulfil the law and to bring in a new covenant which begins and ends with himself. "I will *write* my laws in their hearts, and in their minds will I write them, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more. I will put *my* spirit *within them* and they shall walk in my ways &c. When this new covenant is made with us in Christ, the new nature is given so that we "naturally" care for the things that are Christ's, as Paul said of Timothy. I have myself suffered more from a legal spirit than from anything else: my training in Scotland thirty or forty years ago helped to develop such a spirit, and I know from experience what it is to be fighting on in the darkness, when one step into Him who is the light would have given light and joy. I have, since I took that step, found everything in Jesus. Do I feel that I need repentance? "He is exalted a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Do I want faith? do I feel it weak and wavering? I go to him who is "the author and finisher of my faith." Do I feel that I need wisdom? I go to Jesus, the God only wise, and I find that "The Lord giveth wisdom and out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding." Do I feel weak? I turn to Him through whom "I can do *all* things," even Christ, who "strengtheneth me." Do I feel my hope fail me? I hear His voice saying unto me, "The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing." I now know what is meant by Peter's words, "According as His Divine power hath given to us *all things that pertain unto life* and godliness, *through the knowledge of Him* who hath called us unto glory and virtue; whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by *these* ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." To the world it seems absurd that by means of promises we should be made partakers of the divine nature, and yet how true the believer finds this statement to be! He sees some grace wanting, seizes on the corresponding promise, goes to the feet of Jesus, empty, that he may be filled. Does such a soul ever fail of gaining what he goes to Jesus for in faith? But we must always remember that it is the empty vessel that Jesus fills; full souls are sent empty away, because there is no place in them to hold the blessing. How encouraging is this to poor sinners who are fruitlessly seeking for some preparation to make them ready to receive Christ. *Everything* is in Him. The poor famished soul must go to Jesus for *all*. He *gives* repentance, he *gives* the new heart, he *gives* the new desires to have "every thought in subjection" to His will. "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue *faileth* for thirst, *I* will make darkness light before them and crooked things straight." There is no hope of light while the soul remains in the darkness; our souls must go to him who is the light of the world, and who has said—"He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." I see it is all Jesus from beginning to end. He is

"My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace."

His blessings are all summed up in such promises as these, "I will put *my Spirit* within you; I in them, and Thou in me." This explains why the yoke of Jesus is easy and his burden light. There is no commandment he gives which has not a corresponding promise which we are to take to the feet of Jesus, that by it, and such as it, we may be made partakers of the Divine nature. The life of the believer is indeed a walk of faith; but that faith is a *real* power, let the world scoff as it may.

* The following is the passage referred to:—
"Oh let us intertain no contracted view of the fulness of blessing that dwelleth in our reconciled God. Let us neither exclude ourselves or others. The God of Daniel, Paul and John, that same God that was found so rich by them, is ours, is yours, is mine. And that same God whom you approach, that same Saviour in whom you delight, is your neighbour's. Oh what a bond should this create between you and him!" —(Bowen's Daily Meditations, Sept. 13.)

The Bombay Guardian.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1876.

LOVE IDENTIFIED.

XIII.

Endureth all things.

What difference is there between enduring all things and bearing all things? We have already had this latter expression. When a river is frozen over to a great depth it will bear an army and a park of artillery upon its surface. A city that is well fortified will bear the assaults of the enemy. A Christian will bear the insults and injuries that may be heaped upon him. Some who have made a profession of their faith in Christ, have been obliged to suffer the loss of all things. To endure means rather to hold out under long-continued trials. Some who have made great sacrifices and suffered many things to follow Christ, have afterwards given way because of the long continuance of some trial. He that shall endure to the end shall be saved. We are told of some who endure but for a time; that is, they do not endure. If ye endure chastening, says Paul, God dealeth with you as with children. We count them happy who endure; blessed is the man that endureth temptation. "After he had patiently endured, he obtained the promise." Moses endured, as seeing him who is invisible. The word of the Lord endureth for ever. True love, the outcome of God's own love shed abroad in the heart, endureth all things, the exuberance of the spring, the scorching heat of summer, the bereavements of autumn, the long privation of winter. Jesus, having loved his own that were in the world, loved them unto the end; and it is the same love in us that constitutes us his. It will not do for the Christian to attempt to define precisely the way in which God's love shall be manifested. Some who have done this, have suffered much from the buffetings of Satan, when the course of providence has taken the very direction that had been so earnestly deprecated. Isaac was to Abraham a constant expression of divine love. He had received him as such in the first instance, and every day, as the child grew in wisdom, grace and stature, the gladdened heart of the father saw new proof of God's great love. But other parents have been called to part with their dear children; why may not Isaac be snatched away. Impossible! he is the child of promise, and the promise stretches on to years to come; he is destined to live and be the father of many generations; no, Abraham can not be tried in this way. Ah, Abraham! this is the very trial needed, because it is the one trial that is above all deprecated. Take thy well-beloved Isaac, and offer him up, sheathe thy knife in his bosom and still hold fast to the conviction that I love thee and him. Abraham would part with his son, but not with his confidence in God. He was sustained by the divine promise, which required Isaac to live. Though he were delivered to the embrace of death, yet death would give

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him back, and God's word be fulfilled. The god of this world, who rules in the hearts of the children of men, calumniating God, thought he had a grand opportunity of spoiling God's plan for the bringing in of the Messiah; surely it will not be difficult to show Abraham the cruelty of such a requirement. The God of this world has succeeded in getting many who are called Christians, and Christian ministers, to take this view of it; but happily he did not succeed with Abraham. Abraham's faith in the unchanging love of God, enabled him to endure to the end. Love alone can understand love. He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love. Abraham believed God; believed in the love of God, notwithstanding the terrible demand; and the sense of God's love begat and sustained his love to God.

When a man is united to Christ, his supreme desire is to bring forth fruit to Christ. He covets above all things the privilege of winning souls for Christ. And, perhaps, of all the trials that beset the children of men, none is severer than the trial of the missionary who sees not the fruit of his labour. We speak not of the missionary who desires fruit that he may be known among men as a successful missionary, but of such as are willing to be forever unknown among men, if only they may be the means of helping many to find eternal life. He that reapeth and he that soweth shall rejoice together; but sometimes instead of four months, the harvest is forty years in ripening. When a man like William Burns, who has been a successful evangelist in Europe and America, goes to China, learns the language, begins to preach, he is greatly tried by the great difference in the results. It is the same Gospel, proclaimed with the same earnestness, with even more prayerfulness, but no impression whatever seems to be made upon the masses. Is his work less acceptable to God? He will perhaps he buffeted by the adversary, saying, Where is now your God? Has not God forsaken you? Has the word of God lost its power? Let him know that the work he is now doing, resultless though it may seem, is as pleasing to God and just as important in his eyes, as the revival work previously done by him in Great Britain, Ireland and Canada. In some day to come, another William Burns will preach in China, and thousands will turn to the Lord, but his work will not be more acceptable to God than that seemingly unprofitable work of the earlier missionary. Love endureth all things, and when it is tried, it receives the crown of life.

Thus we have gone through with Paul's account of love. For what follows is just the expansion of the statement, Love faileth not; and not to fail, is just to endure.

But what profit have we found in these meditations? Have we been like a man who goes through a picture gallery, stopping now a little to see this picture, and now to see that, and then going away to his merchandize? This love that we have been considering has been knocking at the door of our heart, and showing us her many titles to admission. Of what use is it to me to know about love, if I do not love? If I am a Christian, then must it be said of me—he suffereth long and is kind, vaunteth not himself; is not puffed up; doth not behave unseemly; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth in the truth; believeth all, hopeth ever, endures to the end. Shall this be your epitaph, oh reader?

TARES AND WHEAT.

On board of a large Atlantic or Pacific steamer there are sometimes as many as 500 passengers. At the beginning they are all alike strangers to each other, but as days and weeks go by, they gradually gather together in little coteries. A kind of crystallization goes on, as a result of which, before the vessel reaches her place of destination, the passengers are distributed into groups. One group is literary; another is sportive; another is commercial; another is skeptical; another is aristocratic; another is religious. Very much as it is among such a body of passengers, is it in the world at large. In the big world are a number of lesser worlds; and the people living in one of these lesser worlds think, for the most part, that their world is *the* world. There is a literary world, the members of which think that whatever happens beyond the limits of their world, is of infinitesimally little account. There is a histrionic world, the members of which think that the greatest thing in life is the stage, and that everything of any moment must circulate about this. There is a political world; there is a freethinking world; and there is, apart from all these, a Christian world, by which we mean a body of earnest people to whom Christ's will is supreme, and the matter of salvation the one thing needful. Mr. Wordsworth, Principal of the Elphinstone College, Bombay, has been living in a world of his own, in which new thought passes for advanced thought, having for its luminaries the French and German writers who seem to think that 'the earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep' until they came. He himself would describe it differently; but no matter; it was and is to him *the* world; life, power, wisdom, greatness, progress, these things are identified with his particular world, and have no place beyond its limits. To him, accordingly, Christianity seems, if not dead, dying; life, power, wisdom, greatness, progress, these cannot have to do with Christianity, for he is acquainted with them, and they have their home *in* the world. We are not writing sarcastically; we believe that thus it really seems to him and others who have become absorbed in the consideration and assimilation of these continental novelties of literature. In fact, we are reproducing a page of our own experience. For many years the writer lived in such a world, and would have thought it childishness for any one to speak as though there was life or power or wisdom or greatness or progress in Christianity. To him Christianity was, if not dead, fast dying, more dead than dying; and it was simply a question of time when men would discover it to be obsolete, a thing of the past, altogether out of place in these advanced centuries. He went through Palestine, without suffering any change in these ideas. He had no associations with those who made Christ their all in all, or if by chance he came in contact with such, he in his heart deplored the infelicity of their circumstances, which left them to feed on husks of a dead past. When at length brought to know that the Gospel was no dead thing at all, but the power of God unto salvation, what surprised him exceedingly was to become aware of the life and earnestness and buoyancy of Christians; the comprehension and grandeur of their aims; the steady, irresistible advance that they were making upon the world's phalanxes. It was an humiliating thought that the literary world in which he had been living, should have left him ignorant of the most sublime facts in all history, and of a destiny for man so immeasurably greater than Fichte had dreamed of. Here was a world that he had regarded as close upon extinction, burning with a brightness that had never met his gaze elsewhere.

It might be profitable for our modern worshippers of science (falsely so called), to call to mind the parable of the wheat and the tares. When the servants complained of the appearance of the tares among the wheat, the householder said, An enemy hath done this. The tares were to grow together till the harvest; then should they be separated by those who were competent to do it. So that there is a time when the tares are growing and when the wheat is growing. The very ministries of nature that help forward the one, will also help forward the other. The tares might say to themselves: We are carrying all before us; the sun shines for us, the rain descends for us, the earth supplies our demands; the harvest is rapidly approaching. Very true, the harvest is approaching; the tares shall be gathered together, bound in bundles and —cast into the fire; the wheat, uninjured, will be gathered into the granary.

Even in the days when Jesus of Nazareth was on the earth, doing mighty works and speaking gracious words, there was a literary world in Jerusalem, the members of which, occupied with their own rivalries, their own ambitions, their own ideas, could scarcely find time to give a thought to the character and claims of Jesus. The superior enlightenment on which they prided themselves, could only display itself in the command to exclude from the synagogue any who acknowledged Jesus to be the Christ.

A century ago, Voltaire imagined that he was giving the final blow to an expiring Christianity! *Nec tamen consumabitur.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Bombay Guardian."

Dear Sir,—The following anecdote may be instructive to those interested in the Bible colportage in this country:—

A police inspector came to see me this morning with his demi-official note-book in his hand. This was composed of ordinary paper, properly stitched into the cover of the Hindustanee version of *Genesis*, the binding consisting of "roan gilt." I asked him how he came by it; he informed me some people had offered the book to him for two annas, and as he didn't know Hindustani, he bought it, and gave it over to a binder, who cut out the leaves (of God's word) and made up for him this useful and elegant note-book. If I remember right, the edition is ordinarily sold for about a rupee. I gathered from the police inspector's description, the people alluded to were catechists of a local missionary society.

Yours faithfully,
OFFICIAL.

Madras Presidency, 5th September 1876.

WHERE THE 'AWFUL GIRL' WAS EDUCATED.

Dear Mr. Editor,—An item has been going the rounds, hitting off the exaggerations of young folks. It tells of a girl who upon an "awful pleasant day" went to an "awful nice school," had an "awful hard lesson" with "awful words" &c., *ad lib.* Served her right!

But here is a Sunday-school paper from across the oceans, which advertise "two grand days" at a Sunday-school convention. There were to be many "new and admirable features," "intense enthusiasm," "able editorials," experiments "brilliant and unusual," "rare and valuable," and "blessed inspiration." They announce "a number of distinguished speakers." Besides the inevitable list of large capitals, which too usually magnify the *genus cœlestio-homo* in such reports, we see Dr.————,"one of the foremost geologists in the world," and Prof————, "one of the most accomplished writers of the age." The Rev. Dr.————"will deliver his great lecture," and many similar things, to draw "a more numerous audience," to this "rare occasion." Let our religious papers quit advertising men and meetings, as the quacks do their pills.

We will best curb the hyperbole of boys and girls, by checking the *awfuler* adjectives of their teachers.

JAISE USTAD WAISE SHAGIRD.

Rev. Sir,—A grand assembly of all classes and creeds is to be held in Delhi in a few weeks, and I would suggest for the consideration of those who can carry out the idea, that it would be a fitting place and time for the "*message of salvation from Jesus Christ our Lord*," to be delivered to the assembled multitudes of all classes.

As means will be required, a special fund might be opened. I can offer Rs. 100 and more if necessary.

FELIX.

AN APPEAL TO THE CHRISTIANS OF INDIA.

My dear Friend,—I see by the public prints, that there are to be great rejoicings in Delhi, when Her Gracious Majesty will be proclaimed (D.V.), in January next, Empress of Hindostan, and I observe that among the programmes named are to be the insignia of the world's rejoicings, viz. balls, races, theatricals &c., &c.

I do not know whether the assemblage at Delhi will occur during the universal week of prayer, but I APPEAL to Christians at all stations throughout India to band together during the time of the assemblage at Delhi, and earnestly plead that God may establish Her Majesty's throne and government in righteousness, that the empire may be founded in righteousness, for it is written, "Righteousness exalteth a nation."

How much England needs to realize her stewardship in this great country, and what terrible responsibility she has had entrusted to her by the Almighty,' the archives of Heaven will on that "great day' alone disclose. How necessary is it, therefore, that Her Majesty's empire should be upheld in earnest prayer and that our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus

Christ should be henceforth exalted among the heathen; let the cry of every Christian be, "Jehovah-Nissi."

If India is to become an enlightened and prosperous country, it must become a God-fearing, and Christ-loving country: the idols must be cast to the bats and moles. Fear the heathen no longer. Let the Bible be the standard book in the country in every school, and in every council-hall let the mottoes be "The fear of man bringeth a snare, but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe"—"Jesus only."

The rulers of this vast empire will be far more respected and prove more powerful, if they show the colours of Christ, and openly unfurl the banner of the Captain of our salvation: "so the heathen shall fear the name of the Lord."

May the year 1877 prove a new epoch, a fresh starting-point in the prosperity of this country. May the rulers be guided by the wisdom of the Holy Spirit, and may the Sun of righteousness rise with healing in His wings and shine into many a bazar and ryot's hovel, for "Christ alone is the source of light:" Christians are only its reflectors.

PRAYER, EARNEST PRAYER, IS NEEDED FOR INDIA.

May this feeble note, sounded in the Lord's service, call all Christians to plead earnestly for India, at the time of the "Proclamation" in January next (D.V.), and may the cry in India be "Consider your ways." Haggai i. 6-7, 2 Chron. xxviii. 23.

CENTURION.

* The Viceroy will enter Delhi Dec. 23rd. The Week of Prayer does not commence next year till January 7th. ED. B. G.

Epitome of News.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.

—The *Journal de Paris* contains a letter from an eye-witness, giving particulars of barbarous atrocities which were commited on the occasion of the funeral of Kamrasi, King of Ounyoro, in Central Africa. An immense pit was dug, at the bottom of which were placed his wives in a circle, on their knees, ready to receive the corpse of their master. Several regiments of the royal guard had been sent on the preceding night to silently surround some of the neighbouring villages. The first human being, be it man, woman, or child, that made its exit from the surrounding huts, was forcibly seized and carried off, and the captives entrapped in this manner were conducted towards the pit prepared for the funeral. Here commenced the most horrible scene. The limbs of these poor creatures, arms and legs, were broken by the soldiers. The lamentations and cries of despair of the victims intermingled with the shouting of the fanatical crowd, and one by one they were thrown into the gaping gulf below. Then noisily swelled the beating of drums, the flourish of trumpets, the piercing sound of the whistle and pipe, which, together with the vociferations of the crowd, drowned the cries of the victims. The soil dug out the previous day was next thrown back into the monster grave. The spectators of the dismal drama, as soon as it was filled up, commenced to dance upon the summit of the mound, stamping the soil down with all their might, so as to form a hard, compact layer above those buried alive; and when all was silent, the crowd retired, satisfied with themselves, and admiring the greatness of the king whose *manes* demanded such sacrifices.

—Before the slaughter of General Custer's force, the *Advance* said: "Another war! And there never has been a more causeless war, since Cain murdered his brother, than the one this great nation has entered into against the Indians. It is a burning disgrace to the Government which directs, and the popular sense of justice and humanity which tolerates, it. If great nations are judged by the way they treat feebler ones, ours will be spotted with marks of infamy. From beginning to end, our treatment of the Indians has been a series of blunders, and worse than savage heartlessness. The Government has spent more money in utterly needless wars waged against the various tribes of Indians than all the Christian churches of America have expended in the cause of missions, home and foreign put together! The 'Florida war' alone cost us $50,000,000."

—*Advance*: "John Neal, of Portland, Maine, was eighty-three years old at his death, June 20. He was quite a voluminous, but never a very brilliant or profound writer. His conversion to Christ in 1857, changed the character of his writings. He lived and died a sincere believer in, and an earnest defender of, spiritual religion."

—At the Mildmay Conference, at a meeting on behalf of medical missions, "Rev. Dr. H. Sinclair Paterson said that to be allowed to speak on such occasions gave him some compensation for having been prevented, in earlier life, from going out as a medical missionary. Some object that medical missions are novel. Well, they are at least 1,800 years old, for our Lord was undoubtedly the first medical missionary. Some object that our Lord's combination of preaching and healing was a special plan for a special purpose—to attract attention to the Gospel. I think not only so. It was the declaration of His good will by His good act; and He meant His good will to be demonstrated to the end of time by the good acts of His people. 'What God hath joined together let not man put asunder.' Medical missions, like great arts, like great rivers, disappeared for a time and now are found again; but the warrant for them has always been in the Bible. The world, especially as represented by the medical profession, has done much for suffering humanity. The unselfish generosity of the medical man is proverbial; but I am jealous for the Church. If the Church is seen to do less for the sick and the needy than the world, it will lose ground immeasurably. It has done much mission work, however, already through its doctors; and I do not care how unselfish a medical man may be: yet another, equally qualified, and with the love of Christ glowing warm at his heart, he'll beat him! And medical missions, as you have heard, give thought and care to that class on which almost any ordinary doctor grudges attendance—the hopelessly incurable. Able to put his hand to anything, to visit without conventionalism, to make from his professional knowledge and habits of observation, a rapid diagnosis of his patient's spiritual condition, and to break down all reserve, I say that a fully-trained Christian medical man, with these advantages, is better fitted than any one else can possibly be to deal with souls. The medical mission agency is curative: beef-tea, rest, and clothing it secures its patients, and these are good; but it has a remedy beyond any other in the pharmacopœia in the Gospel of the grace of God, which it presents. You all know the power of hope on the mind—and what hope like this? The Church will egregiously fail in its duty if it fails at this juncture to support the work of medical missions."

—We hear that the 108th Regiment at Mhow will be relieved in November by the 2nd Battalion 17th Regiment from England. The 4th Battalion 60th Rifles on arrival from England will proceed to Poona.

—The ship Sea Chief, 1,083 tons, from Calcutta to Colombo, with a general cargo consisting principally of rice, has been burnt at sea. The captain, officers, and crew, were landed at Penang.

—*Times of India*: "Lord George Hamilton, in the course of his speech on the Indian Budget, made one of those wonderful blunders which would destroy any politician not a duke's son with a safe seat. He preferred to raise money, he said, in India, because if he borrowed £2,500,000 in England at 4 per cent. 'during the next twenty five years, the interest (£100,000) payable annually here was exactly £2,500,000; but then the principal was due—viz., £2,500,000. So that for a loan of £2,500,000 in one year they eventually would have had to pay double that amount.' The *Spectator* assures Lord George Hamilton that the laws of simple arithmetic are not in the least affected by geography or by the height of the thermometer, and that although he may not know it, twice two are four even in the remote longitude of Calcutta."

—Mr. Walter Macleane, a civilian of a few months' standing, at Dehra, has disappeared, after getting bills to the amount of £3,000 cashed, which bills turn out to be worthless.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

—In the case of Dinbaee, of Bandora, guilty of infanticide, the sentence has been commuted to five years' rigorous imprisonment.

—*Times of India*: "At the Fort Police Court, on Saturday last, Kader Raymon was found guilty and fined two rupees by the Senior Magistrate of Police, for tying the legs of a number of fowls and holding them in a manner so as to cause their heads to dangle down."

—*Indian Mirror*: "As our readers will remember, Mr. Webster, the tea-planter, and one of his assistants, were let off with a fine of Rs. 500 and Rs 100 respectively, for shooting certain natives, the poor fellows themselves being subsequently prosecuted for perjury, and sentenced to six months' rigorous imprisonment each. We understand the Bengal Government intend moving the High Court with a view to the enhancement of the punishment inflicted upon Mr. Webster and his assistant, and also for the release of the poor natives, whose only crime seems to have been that they objected to be shot at, and who have already suffered a good portion of their imprisonment. We trust the action of the Government will be prompt, and that the poor people will be speedily released."

—There are 11 iron clads in H. M.'s fleet at Bezika Bay.

—An officer at Bangalore has been fined Rs. 20 for kicking his horsekeeper, having a spur on his boot.

—The *Punjaub Courier* hears from Ladakh that the soul of the Grand Lama who died two years ago has not yet, according to the Buddhist belief, obtained re-embodiment, but the Lamas expect a child to be born who shall possess the attributes and characteristics of their never-dying religious chief. Relying on this belief they are in search of such a child.

—The *Calcutta Statesman* announces the suicide of Mr. John Smith, well known in Bombay, where he was a pilot for many years. He was lately in Bombay and came in for a share of the fund lately distributed among the members of this service. He was, as the *Statesman* says, much addicted to drink. He complained of unkind treatment at the hands of his children, but no one could be unkinder to him than he was to himself. He blew out his brains at the house of his daughter, Mrs. Platts, whose husband was drowned in the Hooghly some time ago.

—The Rev. Mr. Angus, formerly Free Church missionary in Poona, is now in Madeira. The following from his pen has appeared in print: "June 14.—In the parish of Sao Roque there is a good y number of Protestant Portuguese Christians; and lately the persecution has been so violent, they have not been able to attend the services of the church in the afternoon. The women are subjected to a continuous fire of raillery and most abusive language; the men receive no better treatment, for they are stoned; and as the distance between the parish and our church is great, the journey is very trying to the spirit. As the women could not come to the meeting, and the men find it so hard that few dare show face, Mr. R. resolved to visit them. He met with them at a private house, and fourteen appeared. All enjoyed the meeting, and rejoiced at the prospect of another on the following Friday; and as the people requested me to accompany Mr. R., I did so, Mr. Stedman joining us. We rode as far as Sao Roque Church, where we dismissed our horses, to find our way along precipitous and narrow paths to our destination. At two places on the way we were attacked with stones, but a premeditated attack was prepared for us on our return. This attack was organized and led on by a soldier. While passing along a lane with a high bank, suspecting no evil, we were surprised by a heavy shower of stones falling immediately behind us; and as the showers followed quickly, it was evident that the plan of attack was not only organized, but premeditated, and provided for by a plentiful stock of ammunition. They aimed, however, so wide of the mark that only one of us was hit—viz., Mr. S. On a third shower falling, and the design intended being serious, Mr. R. climbed over a bank to get a view of our enemies, while Mr. S. and myself took refuge under a doorway. On finding themselves overlooked, the rascals ran away. On Mr. R.'s return we went into some grounds, where we were hid from view by a wall. Our object in doing this was to ascertain the name of the locality, and, if possible, get any other desirable information. While making inquiries, one of our assailants, with red-hot face, came puffing along, and, on seeing us, so took guilt to himself that Mr. R. ran after him in order to have him identified. In doing this, he followed him into his aunt's house, which was instantly made the excuse for a murderous attack. Four persons—three men and a woman—immediately set upon Mr. R. The woman and a man aimed with all their force the points of their "inchadas" at his head. (An inchada has the blade of a pickaxe and the shaft of a hoe.) Mr. R. caught the descending blades in his hands, and all the efforts of his antagonists could not wrench them from him. This showed them they had a man of great physical strength to deal with, and sobered them. As he left the field for the lane where he had left us, they followed him, headed by Ricardo Camacho, a man who had been imprisoned in Dr. Kalley's time for the murder of a Protestant. As the crowd gathered, this man began to speak and act in a diabolical fashion. I stepped between him and Mr. R., partly to appease his wrath and partly to let Mr. R. off. As Mr. R. retired, stones were thrown at him over my shoulder, and at last Ricardo Camacho, becoming incensed with me for being in his way, struck me with his fist and knocked off my hat. Apparently awed by what he had done, he ceased his abuse, and I got off, but not for more than one or two hundred yards, when we were again assailed by stones, but not being thrown with military precision, we easily escaped. This case has been handed over to the authorities to be dealt with according to law, for the whole parish is implicated in this conduct. The regedor, or judge, on hearing

of the assault, said, in the presence of nearly a hundred people, it was a pity we had not been killed; and the parish priest from the altar recommended the next attack to be made with sticks.

—An evidence of the courage and pugnacity of the English bull-dog, was shown in a remarkable manner, a few days since, in England. A dog of this description, who had never been accustomed to see trains until lately, has taken a great aversion to them, and has made a point of chasing them whenever he has had an opportunity of doing so, but, of course, without being able to catch them. On the morning in question, being out with his owner's brother, in the vicinity of the Somerset and Dorset Railways, between the Midfold and Wellow station, the early train from Bath was heard to be rapidly approaching. The dog, as usual, was off directly. The gentleman, knowing they were in advance of the train, and fearing the dog would be killed, called loudly to him to come back; but quite in vain. He then ran to see what would be the consequence of the brute's folly, and was just in time to see the dog boldly charge the cow-lifter of the engine and disappear. The gentleman then closed his eyes for one moment, not wishing to see the dog's remains torn to pieces, and on opening them the next moment, much to his surprise, he distinctly saw the dog under the rapidly-passing carriages, evidently waiting an opportunity to make a dash between the wheels; but their, to him, unusual velocity rather bothered him; he therefore remained till the last carriage had passed over him, and then emerged, wagging his tail as though he had done something to be talked about, and having only sustained a few cuts about the head, and losing all the hair from one side of his tail.

Tuesday, September 12.

—Mr. Garstin, Assistant Superintendent of Telegraphs, has been killed by a fall from his pony while playing polo, at Allahabad.

—Dengue has now invaded the Lucknow cantonment in force, and in one battery alone, that of B.A., there were the other day close upon thirty men in hospital suffering under this peculiarly depressing and annoying ailment.

—In the official report which has just been forwarded to Government regarding the loss of the Scotia, the captain of the Diamond states that when the pilot who took the missing vessel out left her, the whole crew had been drinking heavily for two days, and were in an unfit state to manage her.

—A correspondent of the *Delhi Gazette* says: "I enclose copy of a manifesto distributed all over India a few months ago by the command of one Syud Ahmed, one of the custodians of Mahomed's tomb. It will interest your readers perhaps." (Free translation.) "By command of Mahomed, I, Shaik Ahmed, Khadim of the tomb of Mahomed at Medina, had concluded my prayers, and was engaged, at 2 p.m., in reading, and meditating upon, the Koran, when Mahomed appeared to me and said,—'Ahmed Hossain, my followers are sinning. Seventy thousand of them have died lately. Of that number only seven have died in the faith. In consequence of the prevalence of such sins as bribery, drunkenness, murder, forgery, adultery &c., and the neglect of fasting during Ramzan, God withheld rain. My instructions, previously given, have not been heeded. Kings have not ruled justly. They have all become tyrannical. It has been revealed to me that my followers do not fear the anger of God, though the day of judgment is nigh. I prayed for the pardon of my people. It has been revealed to me that in 1295 H. darkness will cover the face of the earth. It will commence in the beginning of Jammadoosanee and continue to the middle of the Rujjub—a month and a half. During the prevalence of this dense darkness, Hazrat Immam Mehudi, the last of the prophets, will come to earth, and Jazrael will also come to take up the Koran. Whosoever will freely circulate this my revelation will be protected by me in the day of judgment. Whosoever doubts the revelation is an infidel and will go to hell.'"

—Mr. Stallkart, indigo planter, was violently assaulted by villagers at Etwah. The police arrived in time to save him from being killed.

—*Pall Mall Gazette*: "In July 1875, while sailing on Lake (Victoria) Nyanza, Mr. Stanley and his boat's crew of picked men were tempted to touch at Bambireh Island in search of a supply of provisions. The natives maintained a doubtful attitude and seemed inclined to extortion. Without an actual breach of the peace, they showed their treacherous design by pulling up Mr. Stanley's boat upon the beach, and afterwards stealing the oars and a drum. They also attempted to frighten the explorers by ferocious shouts and gesticulations. After some delay Mr. Stanley prudently resolved to get off somehow; his men made a rush at the boat and pulled her into deep water, and tearing up the footboards, paddled her out of the reach of the surprised savages. This reception of his civilizing mission at Bambireh was naturally annoying to Mr. Stanley, and we are not surprised to learn that in the heat of his righteous anger he resolved to give the offenders a lesson. 'I discharged my elephant rifle with its two large conical balls into their midst. . . . My double-barrelled shot-gun, loaded with buck-shot, was next discharged with terrible effect, for without drawing a single bow or launching a single spear they fell back.' Presently, however, he perceived the 'enemy' attempting to launch their canoes, but 'twice in succession' he succeeded in 'dropping' these daring scoundrels; and, 'seeing the sub-chief, who had commanded the party that stole the drum, I took deliberate aim with my elephant-rifle at him. . . . That bullet, I have since been told, killed the chief and two others who happened to be standing a few paces behind him.' The canoes, nevertheless, were launched, and Mr. Stanley was compelled to check the pursuit by more decisive measures. 'I permitted them to approach within a hundred yards of us, and this time I used the elephant-rifle with explosive balls. Four shots killed five men and sank the canoes.' When all was over and the savages counted their losses, 'they found fourteen dead and wounded with ball and buck-shot, which, though I should consider it very dear payment for the robbery of eight ash oars and a drum, was barely equivalent in fair estimation to the *intended* massacre of ourselves.' The 'intention' evidently constituted the whole guilt of the Bambireh people, for no single person in Mr. Stanley's party was struck with spear or stone."

Not satisfied with the vengeance taken, Mr. Stanley organized another expedition in which he killed 42 and wounded 100.

Wednesday, September 13.

—*Advance*: Nothing more important has been presented to this Congress than the petition of Hon. Wm. E. Dodge and others, for the appointment of a competent commission on the alcoholic liquor traffic. The points suggested for inquiry were: its relations to crime, pauperism, taxation, the industry and prosperity of the nation; and also of the results of license and prohibitory legislation in the several states of the Union. The friends of temperance in Congress, and indeed every friend of his country, should see that this matter does not go by default through any neglect in the closing hours of Congress.

—*Christian*: A circumstance has come to our knowledge, which, both from the infrequency of its occurrence, and for the testimony it affords to the constraining power of vital Christianity, deserves honourable mention. Mr. Thomas Jones, a younger member of the brewing firm of that name in the pretty little town of Bruton, Somerset, has, after mature consideration, come to the conclusion that he cannot, consistently with the claims of Christianity, any longer pursue a calling which conduces to so much sin and misery in the community. He has therefore relinquished all connexion with it, doubtless at no small pecuniary and other sacrifice. We should be glad to have to record many such instances of that conscientious self-denial which is of the very essence of Christian discipleship, and feel sure that our brother who has taken this step will experience the truth of the promise that "every one that hath forsaken houses or lands for my name's sake shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

—A foreign paper gives this "lesson in Turkish" which it will be found convenient to know in connection with the daily bulletin of news from the Turkish war: "The word 'Ulema' is plural, and means such persons as have graduated in Mussulman law and theology in the 'medresses' or schools attached to the mosques. The pupils of these 'medresses' are called 'Softas.' This word Softa is a corruption of the past participle of the Persian 'Soukhte,' which signifies burnt, and indicates that those who bear it are consumed by divine love. The Softas are taught by professors called 'Khodjas,' and live in 'imaretts,' or gratuitous hotels, on the money provided by pious bequests. Their numbers are very large, not because Turks are phenemonally devout, but for the sound practical reason, that the Softas are exempt from military service. The Softas ultimately become Khodjas themselves, and Khodja, which is borrowed from the Persian, means 'reader.' The 'Immams,' who are the veritable priests, take charge of the ceremonies of religion. Their name comes from the Arabic, and signifies 'he who holds himself forward.' Naturally they are selected from the Ulema."

—*N. Y. Evangelist*: "When a spiritual medium quarrels with his wife, he should first be sure that she possesses none of his secrets; else some such mishap may occur as that which befel one Flint in a New York court on the 31st ult. Sued by his wife for non-payment of alimony, he was exposed as a writer of fraudulent letters from 'Spirit-land'—the agency employed in getting at the contents of notes from his numerous dupes being a tiny tea-kettle with a little Croton water in the shape of steam. Spirit-letters were written by Flint—so his wife testifies—for two dollars and a three-cent stamp. But Mrs. Flint has stopped that source of income, and those who would peer into the unknown are now left desolate, at least until they find another party who is willing to 'steam' for them at a reasonable charge."

—The following curious paragraph is copied from the *Indian Mirror* of Sunday last:—"There are men who honestly believe that the growing regard for Chaitanya, which is so clearly observable among the more devout Brahmos, means a proportionate lack of attachment to Jesus Christ. Are we to believe that one must take away so much love and reverence from Christ in order to give due homage to the prophet of Nuddea? Why should loyalty to one prophet mean rebellion against another? Such conflict is not possible in catholic theism, which on principle honours all prophets. Dear Jesus is as dear and sweet to the genuine Brahmo heart now as he was before. In the really attractive Brahmoism of the present day Chaitanya only sweetens the deep holiness of Jesus, and softens pure faith into a tender passion."

—Lieut. Barter, 73rd, was shot through the head while out bear-shooting near Subatho.

—The following are some of the conclusions at which the Royal Commission on the spontaneous combustion of coal have arrived:—"That certain descriptions of coal are intrinsically dangerous for shipment on long voyages. That the breakage of coal in its transport from the pit to the ship's hold, the shipment of private coal in a wet condition, and especially ventilation through the body of coal cargoes, conduce to spontaneous combustion even though the coal may not be unfit for conveyance on long voyages."

—Mr. Winter, jailer at Hazareebagh, has been reinstated by Sir Richard Temple.

—*Overland Mail*, August 25: "Amongst the deaths recorded this week are—Mr. A. Walker, Ceylon C.S.; Capt. J. W. Finch, late of Hong-Kong; Major W. F. J. Radd, 1st batt. Royal Scots.; Major-Gen. Elwyn, late B.S.C.; Major H. W. Gregg, late 91st Regt.; and Lieut.-Col. G.W. Beaumont, late Scots Fusilier Guards.

Col. Lloyd-Lindsay M.P., accompanied by Mr. W. M'Cormac, Surgeon of St Thomas's Hospital, and Dr. Charles, left London on August 21 for the seat of war in the East, taking surgical and medical appliances for the wounded Turks and Servians. Col. Lindsay proceeds as Chief Commissioner of the National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War.

Miss Emily Guest, accompanied by Dr. Castello and by Mr. Summer, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, left on August 22 for Belgrade to join the ambulance, at Schabatz, of the League in Aid of the Christians of Turkey. They have taken with them a good supply of surgical instruments and hospital stores.

—General Tremenheere has published a book on Education in Government and Mission Schools. He is of opinion (says the *Friend of India*) that the secular education of the heathen is not the proper work of the missionary at all. In his dealings with them, he ought, as Paul, to know nothing among them but Christ and Him crucified. When our missionaries of a former generation sought to teach the natives of India English, it was in order that they might use that language as a medium for conveying the truths of Christianity. English is now taught everywhere in Government schools, and it may safely be said that the number of English-speaking natives would not now be sensibly diminished, though every mission school in India were closed. The right way for the missionaries to supplement the work of Government,—and it needs to be supplemented—is not by competing with Government in secular work, but by seizing every opportunity of proclaiming the Gospel in English to those who have acquired that language. In all considerable towns there are now not a few natives who understand English.

Thursday, September 14.

—Mention is made of a native lately converted to Christianity, whose children were kept from him by his wife. He applied to the District Court for the recognition of his rights. The Court decided that the eldest child should be made over to him. Thereupon the wife consented to join her husband with all her children.

—The whaler Catalpa, Captain Anthony, has arrived at New York with the escaped Fenian prisoners from Australia. They are nine in number. They

had no formal reception, though their arrival caused some sensation among the Irish in New York. They will remain in the United States.

—A fearful story is reported from Lloyd's. Last January the Liverpool ship San Rafael, from Birkenhead to Valparaiso, with coals, was totally destroyed by fire off Cape Horn. Eleven of the crew were picked up a fortnight later from two of the vessel's boats, after having suffered fearful privations, and landed in London in April by the ship Yorkshire, from Melbourne. The long boat, containing Captain M'Adam, his wife, the carpenter, four seamen, and three boys, which left the vessel along with the other boats, parted company, and it now appears that the persons above named all landed on New Year's Island, near Cape Horn, and, as the island is barren and uninhabited, they have evidently starved slowly to death, as a vessel recently arrived at Stanley, Falkland Isles, reports having discovered the bodies of eight men and one woman on the island, and these are supposed to be the missing boat's crew of the San Rafael.

—Luxamon Rama has been sentenced to death for the murder of his wife and mother-in-law, at Dhobi Talao.

—*Bombay Gazette*; Constantinople, August 24th:

—"The difficulties of Turkey are not confined to her dealings with rebellious provinces or her exhausted treasury. There is a something still nearer home, a more deadly worm at the core: internal dissension between the two parties in the State—the Liberals and the Conservatives—the former represented by Midhat Pasha, President of the Council of State, and the Grand Vizier, Mehmed Rushdi Pasha, the latter by the clergy and the Old Turk party, fanatical to a man, whose battle cry is, 'Turkey for the Turks.' That these men will ever consent to a constitutional form of government which shall put Christians and Jews on an equality with 'true believers' is not for a moment to be entertained. And a constitution, based upon the principle that all subjects are *not* equal in the eye of the law, would simply be absurd. On this subject they have already called the attention of the Grand Vizier to a passage in the Koran, 'Ye Arabs,' says the sacred book, 'are the noblest of races, reign supreme over the other nations, but never admit Jews or Christians into your councils, for they are your enemies.'"

—The *Dnyanodaya* contains an account of the installation of the Rev. Sonaji Chundrabhan over the church at Lonee in the Ahmednuggar Zilla on the 29th ult. The Rev. Ramkrishna V. Moduk presided on the occasion, and the Revs. R. A. Hume, E. S. Hume, S. B. Fairbank and others took part.

—Same: "We have much pleasure in stating that a Union Missionary Prayer meeting will be held at the house of the Rev. T. K. Weatherhead, Girgaum, on the last Thursday evening of this month. Rev. Geo. Bowen will preside. We hope that a permanent arrangement will be effected for holding such a meeting regularly."

—The London *Times* has a letter from the inmates of the Bombay Sailors' Home, calling the attention of the home public to the action of the Bombay Government, in diverting the new Sailors' Home building to another use.

Friday, September 15.

—*Bombay Gazette*, Lahore, 14th: It is rumoured that three European soldiers have been carried off from Cherat by Afreedees, who demand a ransom of Rs. 30,000, threatening murder in the case of refusal.

—The str. Tanjore, with English mails, left Aden for Bombay, Wednesday, 5 p. m.

—Deaths last week 346.

—Value of the rupee 1s. 7⅝d.

—Fall of rain, Byculla, 55in., Fort 49.

—*Bombay Gazette*: "The Director of Public Instruction, having solicited assistance for the large English and Gujeratee Dictionary to be prepared by the Rev. R Montgomery of Surat, and Mr. A. S. Dosai M.A. LL.B., of the Bombay University, some of the principal states of Kattywar, we are glad to say, have liberally come forward to help the undertaking by subscribing among themselves a decent sum of Rs. 3,840."

—The *Rock*, noticing the proceedings at the installation of the Bishop and the ceremonies observed at the Cathedral services and at the consecration at Sewree, makes the following remarks:—"All this is most pitiful! We are sorry to find the crozier and the Popish style of blessing (*i. e.*, with two fingers turned down) introduced into India; but, alas! we have seen both of them here. Not so the mitre, *except in heraldry* and on the pates of Dr. Manning and other Catholic bishops."

—*By, Gazette*: "A case of considerable interest to the Shravak community of Bombay was disposed of by Mr. Justice Green at the High Court yesterday. It was an action brought by Mooniraj Maharaj Charitta, a gooroo or spiritul teacher of the Jain sect' to recover Rs. 15,000 as damages for certain trespasses alleged to have been committed in his temple, situated at Bhooleshwur, by Vamalchund Purtablal and other managers of the Jain dhurmashalla, situated near the Pinjrapole. The premises, in fact, are attached to and form a portion of the charitable property known as the Pinjrapole, of which the late Sir Jamsetjee Jijeebhoy was also a trustee. The plaintiff alleged that he had built on the premises a religious temple, where he has been in the habit of preaching philosophy to the followers of the Jain religion. His Lordship, upon the evidence, found that the property was given in charity by Motichund Amichund, for the use of travelling members of the Shravak community and as a place for the performance of the religious rites, feasts, and ceremonies of that body; and that it was the feasters who were in the right place there, and not the plaintiff and the images he had set up without a right or title." Suit dismissed with costs.

—Hobart Pasha has made an effort to stem the rising indignation of Englishmen, by a letter to the *Pall Mall*, that has some tall writing in it. He says: "The will to commit atrocities was, I venture to say, equal on both sides, but the power rested with the troops of the Government, and if that power was sadly abused, the perpetrators of such atrocities have been severely punished. The Government were little aware how terrible a weapon they were employing when they sent Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians to stamp out rebellion. I think, however, that it will be found by the independent investigators now examining the case, that instead of 20,000 about 4,000 lives were lost in this sad affair. Turkey can and will put down the revolt in her northern provinces; those who think that Turkey will die easily, make a great mistake. Christians, looking on at the fearful struggle, should beware how they rouse the fanaticism of the Turks by action proceeding from their own narrow-mindedness, or they will have much to answer for. A nation who can put from 800,000 to 1,000,000 of men into the field, who will fight to the death for their religion, is not to be despised.

—Some time ago a man and a dog managed to navigate a boat across the Atlantic. A man has now performed the same feat by himself. It took him two months.

—A contemporary states that it has been definitely determined to appoint the Rev. J. M. Speechly M.A. Bishop of Travancore, and to place the missionaries labouring in this part of India under his diocese.

Miscellany.

—*Christian*:

It is not within our province to attempt to solve "The Balham Mystery," but the lesson which it teaches every thoughtful man and woman, seems to us to find voice in a few sentences which we extract from the evidence of one of the chief actors in this inexpressibly painful drama of English life. It occurs in the cross-examination by one of the legal gentlemen engaged in the case, who was questioning the wife of the deceased man:—

"He was not strong in his religious principles?—No.

"On the Wednesday morning were you present when he asked for prayers?—Yes.

"You had up to that time observed that he was suffering most excruciatingly?—Most fearfully.

"Then religion seemed to have taken some little hold of him then?—I think he felt so ill that he thought he was going to die."

When will men and women learn the supreme folly of framing their lives on a basis which excludes from all account, God and his claims on our homage and obedience? When will people be convinced of the futility of attempting to spend their years in gratifying ambitious desires or unholy passions, and yet hope to escape the consequences of such a course of life? Why will people postpone to the flickering moments of an expiring and wasted life that which should be settled as soon as reason and responsibility dawn in the mind, and which should be the very essence of human life, instead of an uncertain accident at its close? When, in short, will men and women live to God and not to themselves? Can anyone doubt that if the poisoned man, and the others intimately connected with this sad affair, had been "strong in their religious principles," as it was termed, we and they should have been spared these dark and humiliating disclosures?

—Noticing a work on John xvii by Rev. M. Rainsford, the *Christian* says:

There are many good and faithful ministers in the Church of England, but they do not always "speak out." They too often speak to their hearers as if they were all Christians; they neglect to address the unconverted, the unsaved, as such—and even in speaking to Christians they fail to warn them of the dangers to which they are exposed, and to condemn the inconsistencies into which they too frequently fall. It is refreshing to find a minister who, in addressing a fashionable West-end congregation, will speak of the world thus:—"'And the world hath hated them.' This is the world that you love some of you, and pet, and pursue, and fondle, and imitate—*the world for which you educate your children*; this is the world whose society you love to mix with, and whose smiles you court: whose ways, and principles, and habits, and worship you imitate, and where you find your choicest companions. You escape the cross by doing so: but you do not please Him who said, 'I have given them thy word, and the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world, as I am not of the world.'" Here, again is a most solemn testimony as to what the world is:—"There is a very solemn restriction in this prayer, which we must not overlook. Men of the world! as you love to call yourseves; women of the world! as you are not ashamed to style yourselves, what do you make of this? '*I pray not for the world.*' Oh, this weary, wretched, disappointing, condemned world! How is it that people cling to it as they do? Its god is not our God. 'The god of this world'—you know who he is! Its prince is not our Prince. 'The prince of *this* world cometh, and hath nothing in Me.' Observe the contrast, even in the text: 'I pray not for the world, *but* for them which Thou hast given me, for they are thine.' There are two classes, observe: one he calls the world; he does not pray for it. The other he describes as those 'Thou hast given me out of the world,' 'who have received my word,' 'who have believed that Thou didst send me'; and those 'who have known surely that I came out from Thee.'" Well may the preacher add, "I know very well that this is not fashionable teaching, but it is God's truth for all that."

—Mr. Minton, in one of his sermons, says:

"That sin committed against an Infinite Being must deserve infinite punishment, is a palpable fallacy. For a sin to deserve infinite punishment, it must be committed not merely against, but still more *by*, an infinite being. The other position makes a finite being capable of performing an infinite act; nay, it gives an infinite value, for or against, to every moral act that any responsible being can possibly perform."

To this the *British Herald* replies:

"If the sin committed, and its desert, be not rightly measured by the greatness of the Being against whom it is done, but rather by the littleness and insignificancy of the sinner, then in proportion to that littleness, compared with God, is the littleness of the sin, which must on this principle be reduced to an infinitesimal fraction of the smallest atom, for even the nations—all nations—compared with the Infinite Eternal, are 'as the drop of a bucket—as the small dust of the balance—less than nothing and vanity.' But how comes it, on the writer's theory, that such effects, so disastrous and so lasting, should, for 6,000 years, have been the due retribution, even temporarily, of one act of one man upon his posterity? and how comes it that 'for ages of ages' the insignificant acts of such insignificant beings should be visited with the Divine wrath of consuming fire, which, after those ages, shall result in reducing them to a state of non-existence? And if sin, committed against an infinite by a finite being, does not deserve an infinite punishment, how comes it that, in order to the eternal life of the saved, their sin should have required the infinite atonement of the God-man, Jesus Christ?

"But may we not humbly say to Mr. Minton, and to every one who thinks with him, Who made thee the judge of sin's desert? Shall we consult the 'instincts' of our fallen nature, whose inward mind is enmity against God, as our oracle on this question? Is the prisoner at the bar to be his own judge? Is not the writer at one with Cain on this point, for *his* only concern was about the measure of his punishment, and not at all about the guilt of his sin! 'My *punishment* is greater than I can bear.' It is not consistent with Mr. Minton's purpose to dwell upon the magnitude of sin, but rather to lessen it. But God is the true and only judge of sin and of the sinner!"

—Letter to a Ladies' Prayer-meeting, by Mr. Austin Phelps:

It has often been in my thoughts to express to you the value which, as one of the pastors of our church, I attach to your meeting, and to its influence as one of the *powers with God*, with which this church is blessed. I can scarcely do this better than by relating an incident which the late Rev. Dr. Kirk once told me from his own experience.

He had been invited to become the pastor of a church in Albany. It had neither wealth, nor numbers, nor historical prestige. It had barely a name. He could not see it to be the call of Providence that he should give his life to such a church, when almost any metropolitan pulpit in the land was at his command. He declined the call, and the next morning went to the station to take his final departure from the city. He was there met by a committee of the church who were waiting to ask him to consider his decision. They told their story anew; of the great necessity of his labors to build up their church, of the union and enthusiasm of the people, of the prospect of increase, and all else by which they hoped to persuade him to accede to their wishes. He remained unmoved. At length, in illustration of the spirit of the people, they told him incidentally that three ladies of the church had spent the whole

of the preceding night in prayer that God would give Dr. Kirk to the city of Albany; and that they felt assured that their prayers would not be in vain.

He was so deeply impressed by that circumstance that, as he told me, he did not dare to persist in his negative without further light. That praying trio! Might they not be the "two or three," to whom the promise of God was pledged? Should he take the risk of defeating it? He would not do it. He returned to the home in which he had been a guest; considered anew the question of remaining in Albany; yet saw no new facts, and no fresh intuitions of God's will, except that occurrence of three praying women imitating Christ in spending all night in prayer. On the strength of that single incident he resolved to accept the call, and he said that he did so in the assurance that the movement of the Holy Spirit upon those three minds was a forerunner of a work of divine grace among the people of Albany. The issue was that his ministry there—of ten years' duration, I think—was spent in an almost unbroken revival.

Such was Dr. Kirk's estimate of a Ladies' Prayer-meeting, as an auxiliary to a pastor, and a blessing to a church, through the whole of his ministry; and it is the more valuable, because few men have reflected more maturely than he, or with richer experience, upon the pastoral office and its helps. Similar in kind if not in degree, is the estimate of the value of such a meeting, by all our most successful pastors.

The power of such a meeting, like other silent and unobtrusive forces, is apt to be underrated. Like gravitation, it makes no noise. Like the nocturnal revolution of the earth, it does not disturb the most sensitive sleeper. Even they whose low voices set it in motion, may often find it hard to realize to themselves the grandeur of the work they are doing. Yet they *are* doing more than to move a planet in its orbit. "If ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou cast into the sea, it shall be done." Spiritual results are given to prayer, more marvelous than miracles; intrinsically more improbable than the leaping of Himmalaya into the ocean. Sometimes it appears as if the greatnes of the result were in inverse proportion to the strength of the instrument, and to the respect which the world feels for it; as if God were resolved to honor it the more for the world's distrust.

Selections.

FULL SURRENDER AND FULL TRUST.

"If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.—I John ii. 15

THIS is the only place, except one, in this epistle where *the Father's* love is spoken of; everywhere else it is the "love of God."

What is the meaning of the expression? See chap. iii. 1: "Behold what manner of love *the Father* hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the *sons of God*. Therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not."

The love the Father bestows is the love of a father. The love He implants is the love of a child (see Rom. viii. 15): consequently, the world knows not the children, even as it knew not the Father.

In 1 John ii. 15, we have the converse of this statement. A man loves the world, consequently he knows nothing of the Father's love to him; he feels nothing of a child's love to his Father.

May we not here find the secret of much of the difficulty expressed by some Christians in viewing God as *a Father?*

The "son" is called upon to give his "heart." If the heart be only partially surrendered, the paternal and filial relationship will never be fully realised. In the case of a true believer the relationship must exist, but the enjoyment of it will be clouded.

Without full surrender, there will never be full trust.

Of whom was "God not ashamed to be called their God?"

Of those who "declared plainly" that they were "seeking a country," renouncing "the present world."

To whom does God emphatically promise, "I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters?"

To those who are "separate" from the evil world.

If, then, we desire to acquire a firmer trust in the love of God to each one of us individually, as being one of His "dear children," and to feel a warmer love to Him in return, let us see to it that we are not striving to serve "God and Mammon;" that "the world knoweth us not;" but that we have "come out," are "separate, and do not touch the unclean thing." Let us by our every action, our every word, "confess that we are strangers and pilgrims," and declare plainly that "we are seeking a country."

Then will the Spirit bear witness with our spirit that we are the children of God, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; then will the words "Abba, dear Father," be familiar with our hearts and lips; and to us shall one day be fulfilled that glorious promise, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be My son."—*The Harbinger.*

STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL.

A STRANGE and beautiful story of a little boy that died, of which, in an imperfect version, Mr. Moody makes frequent use in his sermons, is told truly by Augusta Moore in the Boston *Congregationalist.* The mother of the child, who is yet living, is her friend, and did not believe in early religious instruction: "She said, 'Wait until the child is able to understand something of what you mean, before you try to get ideas of sin and redemption, or of heaven or hell, into its mind.' Her ideas were very firmly fixed, and she acted upon them. She did not know that Eddy, up to his sixth year, had so much as heard of heaven—and the name of 'Jesus' he clearly did not know. At the age of six he was taken sick; and lying near to death, on his bed, with his eyes fixed on a corner of the ceiling, he asked: 'Mamma, what country is it that I see beyond the high mountains?' The mother replied: 'There are no mountains here, Eddy. You are with your parents in this room at home.' But the boy insisted that he saw a beautiful country, where were children playing and calling to him; but said he: 'I cannot get over the mountains. Mamma, papa, won't you carry me across?' Then the mother wept, for in her heart she felt that her child was called away. 'What country is it, mamma, that I see?' he repeated. The mother, not knowing what else to say, asked: 'Is it heaven, Eddy?' She told me that she did not know that the word would carry any meaning to the child's mind; but he caught it instantly, and answered: 'Yes, it is heaven. Oh, who will carry me over the mountains, the high mountains?' The distressed parents tried to quiet their little one, asking him if he wanted to leave papa, and mamma, and home. He lay still and silent for a time, and they, anxiously watching him, hoped that the trouble was past. The trouble was past. Eddy had never in all his little life said the dear word 'mother;' but suddenly he turned his face to her and with his eyes bright with more than mortal light, and with voice clear and strong as when he was well, he said: 'Mother, mother, don't you be afraid. The strong man has come to carry me over the mountains.' Thus Eddy died."

RULES FOR MOTHERS.

1. *Don't talk too much.* To be always lecturing children is not the way to secure prompt obedience. Some children would, doubtless, much rather be whipped than perpetually talked to; especially in a fault-finding way. Little indiscretions and improprieties it is often best to pass by. If we take note of everything, and administer a lecture upon it, our lectures will soon become an intolerable bore, and not only will do no good, but while they chafe our own spirit, they will harden and discourage the child.

2. *Talk low and gently.* If you talk *loud* it will be harder to be calm. Keep the voice down, and you can the easier keep your temper down. If you talk loud, your children will also, and the difficulty will be increased. Do you know that one of the chief difficulties of family government *is in the parent?* You may not suspect it, while it may be even so in your case. Quiet, gentle, yet firm mothers, govern best.

3. *Don't threaten much.* To be every now and then saying 'If you do that again I'll box your ear,' or 'I'll send you to bed,' only hardens; and if you fail to execute what you threatened—as great threateners are almost sure frequently to do—your children will either consider you very forgetful or false; and in either case will learn to distrust you, and many a time will laugh at your threats. Take notice of some great threateners—and you may not have to go far to find a specimen or two—and observe if they do not often sternly threaten, and in a few minutes, being more good-natured, or forgetful, suffer the children, *unrebuked*, to do the very thing against which punishment was threatened.

4. If you would govern well *have but few general rules, but steadily adhere to these.* Have a fixed rule as to prompt obedience, speaking the truth, and indeed all moral duties; and never pass by an act of wilful disobedience, or a lie, or a theft. No matter if you are in ever so great a hurry, stop and attend to this. It is infinitely more important than your ordinary affairs. Make *a great matter of it, for God does;* and it may one day prove a great matter to you and your children.

5. *Punish rarely, but when you do, be thorough.* Never punish in a passion, nor when you are peevish or impatient, or nervously excited. Wait till you are cool; look well and carefully at the reasons of the case, and only punish when the evidence of guilt is clear. Then proceed in a calm and Christian spirit. Show your child from the Word of God your obligation to punish. Read to him God's words as your authority, and let him see that you and he are both accountable to God. Let no one, grandparent or other venerated friend, interfere with your family discipline.—(*Congregationalist.*)

DAFT JOCKIE.

SAID a gentleman, whose business operations are not above reproach: "I think it is about time our pastor stops abusing men, impugning their motives and their actions. Such preaching is not the gospel, and it does not feed the soul."

This gentleman, and many like him, who would keep the minister from touching practical matters, let out the secret of their disapprobation when they do so, in much the same style as did "Daft Jockie Gray, of Peebles," and, as he did, they bring the laugh upon themselves.

The minister had been preaching the sin and guilt of deceit and falsehood. Jockie sat bolt upright for a while, gazing very bravely into the minister's face. But by-and-by the charges of falsehood became very plain, and were enforced with divers poundings on the pulpit board. Jockie grew fidgety. He felt the "minister" was getting too personal. He screwed up his face, twisted himself about on his seat, and became very red in the face. He soon felt the grinding heel of clerical oppression more than his sensitive spirit could bear, and forgetting all the conventionalities of the place, sprang in an excited manner from his seat, and cried out, "Noo, minister, there are plenty mair liars in Peebles than me! Why dinna ye abuse them too?" Those among us who condemn faithful pastors for insisting on uprightness towards creditors, are too wise to spring up and do it in church-time, like the idiot of Peebles, but their more private course is just as suggestive of their personal application of the advice as was poor Jockie's, and the community laugh and wink at them just as did the "gude folk" of that Scottish town at the witless confessor of sin in their kirk.—*Christian Weekly.*

LIFE ABUNDANTLY.

EARLY EXPERIENCE.

THE awaking of 1861, in Scotland, found me in name a Christian boy. It left me really alive through the life-giving Word of God. That was the year of my second birth. I have never seen reason or felt inclined to doubt this fact. Having been led to ground my belief of the forgiveness of sins, not on feelings, frames, or anything in myself, but on the word of God, who cannot lie, I have realized ever since that my feet were standing on the Rock of Ages. (1 John i. 8; John v. 24.) Experience varied like the thermometer, but I learned to rest in the fact that the Sun of righteousness was shining ever the same. I lived, therefore, *knowing* that I was saved from the punishment of sin, and for many years had not only light, liberty, and assurance, but, in some measure, joy in the Holy Ghost. But I feel now, or rather I know, that I have recently come to Jesus anew, and found a much more blessed rest than I ever knew before. It is the *rest of trust*, bringing, when exercised, present victory over sin, outward or inward, by simply trusting Jesus as able to save me to the uttermost.

The first glimmerings of this truth can be traced through several years. When about eighteen years of age, I got a fresh spiritual impulse in attending special services while seeking admission to the fellowship of the Church. About that time, the expression, "full of the Holy Ghost," took some hold on my mind. Longing to experience more of what the Bible appeared to teach, that Christians ought to expect and attain, I prayed for the fulness of the Spirit. No enlargement was realized, but there was a faint conviction that more light would come by and by. After beginning to take part in addressing meetings, I often spoke on Stephen being "full of the Holy Ghost," but as often felt that it was more a blessing to be enjoyed by some rare, advanced Christians, than by those whose frequent shortcomings painfully reminded them of the expression, "I am carnal, sold under sin." For several years after this period, justification was apprehended and preached with grow-

ASIATIC SOCIETY MUMBAI
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ing clearness, and not without tokens of success. But the inward conflict and constant struggle for purity and peace continued at times to call forth the exclamation, "Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" (Rom. vii. 24.) There was no doubt of my acceptance with God—no hesitancy in believing that sin was forgiven the moment it was confessed. The realization of pardon was always sweet; but this constant sinning and constant confessing often humbled me in the very dust. I sometimes felt in my ignorance as if the Gospel did not do all it promised, nor the Saviour really "save His people from their sins." But the truth of the matter was I had not then believed the whole Gospel, nor received a full Christ, so I could not enter into rest because of unbelief. (Heb. iii. 12-19.)

The grievous sense of failure made the fulness of the Spirit become ever more desirable. But it was apparently no nearer being realized. In the first accounts that reached us in New Zealand of the work of grace in Edinburgh this subject was frequently mentioned. On reading these, old musings revived with fresh searching and prayer. But anything said on the fulness of the Spirit seemed rather to state the fact than afford any explanation. Remembering, however, the promise of the Holy Ghost to them that ask the Father (Luke xi. 13), with the other promises given in John and Acts, I was led to plead them in prayer, while yielding myself to this great Teacher to be shown the way of God more perfectly. The realized truthfulness of the Word was a source of comfort and hope. The conviction that it was the will of God that His people should know more of this, grew stronger and stronger. The answer to faith's prayer might be delayed, but could not, in such a request, be denied. Pondering these thoughts, I waited in expectation of more light.—*Life Abundantly*, by Rev. W. C. Johnston.

CHRISTIAN SUMMER MANŒUVRES.

I am greatly struck by the similarity of our circumstances, at this present time, to that of the soldiers of our army. They are now out "under canvas," practising the art of war. So are the hosts of the Lord, actually and visibly in the field, set in battle array against the enemy of man. Though the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, there are tangible things to be used, about which we must concern ourselves. I am sure that many Christian hearts would stir at the sound of the Word in the tent, if they but hear the eager voices, and see the awakening faces, that are under canvas in many places this summer. It never was so in all the history of our nation, that the Christian Church manœuvred peacefully about the land "dwelling in tents," and carrying on the Gospel campaign, with unwearied ardour, and with never-failing zeal: aye, and with unconquerable force. The Lord of Hosts is with us! The God of Jacob is our refuge!

There are many camps of the Lord now in the broad fields of England. They do not move to the beat of the drum and the call of the bugle, and the gun and the trumpet awake them not to the morning light, but rank and file they muster to the grand review. Is it not high time that it should be so, and that we should awake out of sleep and rally round our standard? As I pass to and fro between my two quarters—Nine Elms and Addlestone—I am reminded of the great event of the season, the summer manœuvres of the troops. Scarcely a day passes but I meet on the railway platforms soldiers on their journey to the camps, and I feel that there is a similar movement in the Christian Church. The army of the Lord is preparing for service, and the sooner the whole force is in the field, the better. No time should be lost. Every moment is precious as regards weather, opportunity, and prospect.—*Mrs. Meredith.*

"SONGS IN THE NIGHT."

To the Editor of The Spectator and Methodist Chronicle.

Dear Sir—Shortly after retiring to rest a few nights ago I fell into a profound sleep, in the course of which I had a most interesting dream. I dreamt that I was conducting a religious service at Wesley Church. During the service there suddenly appeared to us a roll of illumined air, extending obliquely from floor to ceiling, and having in its midst a ladder of golden hue. On this ladder celestial beings were gracefully ascending and descending, amongst them was one of peculiar and resplendent beauty. As we gazed at the striking phenomenon, a gentleman near me whispered, "This is Jacob's ladder; let us ascend." "No," I replied; "our duty is rather to sing a hymn of praise to Christ, who is thus graciously revealing Himself." Taking up the hymn-book, and wishing to sing a hymn to which we could attach the well-known and favourite chorus, "I love Jesus, yes I do" &c., I said I only knew of two hymns in the book that would suit, and that these, by frequent singing, we had worn almost threadbare. I then asked the gentleman to write down on paper a hymn which I composed at the moment. This hymn we afterwards sung, with the chorus; and in the singing of it I awoke, hearing distinctly the last sounds of my own voice. On awaking I remembered every line I had dictated, and, getting out of bed, wrote the whole down on the fly-leaf of a book. I append a copy, without the slightest alteration either in phrascology or metrical arrangement. I may add that, except a few attempts when a youth at school to translate some line of Virgil into English verse, I have never in my wakeful hours invoked the aid of the Muse. The insertion in the *Spectator* of a hymn so singularly produced, may be of some psychological and religious interest to many of your readers. I now leave them to draw their own deductions from these facts, and beg to remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

John G. Millard.

Wesley Church, Melbourne.

HYMN OF PRAISE TO CHRIST.

(*Metre*—8-7s.)

Jesus! Thou incarnate Saviour!
Thou hast bought us with Thy blood,
That throughout our whole behaviour
We might glorify our God.
May a sense of obligation
Bind our grateful souls to Thee;
And, receiving Thy salvation,
May we from our sins be free.
Then, with other captives taken
From the proud oppressor's hand,
We will through the desert hasten
Till we reach the better land.
Jesus! Thou art still, as ever,
Girded with Thy righteous sword;
And Thy people none shall sever,
Fighting for their common Lord.
Jesus! show us now some token
Of Thy wondrous strength to save:
Break off fetters—cheer hearts broken—
O'er the world Thy banner wave.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

London, 6th September: An immense meeting was held at Blackheath on Saturday, for the purpose of expressing indignation at the atrocities which are said to have been committed by the Turks. It is computed that 60,000 persons were present. Mr. Gladstone, in addressing the assemblage, said that the only hope for any real settlement of the Eastern Question was by the hearty co-operation of England with Russia. An address was voted praying that Her Majesty, in concert with the other Powers, should exclude Turkish rule from the provinces of Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Herzegovina.

Constantinople, 8th: The Porte has refused the propositions made for an armistice; at the same time, however, it promises to consider the peace proposals which have been made by the European Powers.—Abdul Hamid was yesterday invested with the sword of Osman.

London, 8th: The Turks have devastated that portion of the Morava Valley which they have occupied.—Accounts from Podgoritza state that there has been some indecisive fighting near that place.—At the annual feast of the Cutlers' Company, held yesterday, the Marquis of Hartington advocated the convocation of Parliament, in order that England's future policy towards Turkey might be taken into consideration.

9th: According to Montenegrin official despatches General Dervish Pasha's attempt to penetrate into Montenegro has been frustrated, the Turks having suffered great losses.—The news from the seat of war in Servia is unimportant. General Tchernaieff is reinforcing Alexinatz from Deligrad.—Further accounts are published of atrocities in Servia.

11th: According to Servian official despatches, the Turks remain inactive.—The Servians, numbering twenty-five thousand men, threaten the Turkish communications with Nissa.—A deputation waited on Lord Derby to-day to express indignation at the atrocities in Bulgaria. In answering the deputation, his Lordship maintained the the necessity of upholding the territorial integrity of Turkey. He was not opposed to the extension of provincial autonomy, but it would be very difficult to carry out; the punishment of the authors of the atrocities was certain, and reparation was due to Bulgaria. England was striving, in concert with the Powers, to obtain an armistice as a forerunner of peace.

12th: In the course of his speech before the deputation which waited on Lord Derby yesterday, his Lordship lengthily defended Her Majesty's Government against charges of supineness with reference to the atrocities which had been committed, or of abetting them by sending the British fleet to Besika Bay.

Belgrade, 12th: Fetes in commemoration of the Czar's birthday were held here yesterday. In the evening there was a grand banquet, at which Prince Milan made a speech expressing his entire devotion to Russia.

London, 12th: The ship Windsor, which left Bombay on the 20th May last, bound for Hull, was abandoned on the 30th August in a sinking state; the crew have been landed at Plymouth.

Advertisements.

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